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Notice.

Subscribers in town and country are informed that a quarter's subscription to Michaelmas next is now due. An immediate remittance is urgently and respectfully requested.

•• Mr. Frederick Bird is the only authorised collector for the MUSICAL WORLD.

•• It is requested that in future all post-office orders be made out in favor of Mr. J. W. Davison, and that all letters and other communications be addressed to him, at the publisher's, instead of, as heretofore, to Mr. Purkess.

The "Musical Union," and Consistency.

We can imagine no greater satisfaction to a rightly constituted mind than the free acknowledgement of having been in error. This is precisely our position. We have been in error, and own it without ceremony. Misled by the specious eloquence of the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, whose mastery of words has in many circles won him the reputation of a critic, we stoutly opposed Mr. Ella, at the outset of his "Musical Union." Experience of the truth has shown us that we were wrong, and without dread of the consistence-mongers (such as reviled Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, because in the hot enthusiasm of youth they were Infidels, and in the cool wisdom of maturity they became Christians) we hasten to admit that our opposition was not built on firm ground. We are superior to the critic of the *Athenæum*, inasmuch as we erred conscientiously, while he wilfully misrepresented the truth. According to his authority Mr. Ella gave concerts to the nobility without either paying the artists he employed, or making pay the auditors he solicited. The contrary, however, was the truth. Mr. Ella paid his artists not illiberally, and received a sufficient bonus from his aristocratic patrons to requite him for his expenses and his pains. What more can a public concert-giver desire, or his rival concert-givers expect from him. Mr. A—— gives *unclassical* concerts, at minor theatre prices, and nobody ventures a word in his disfavor, except his disappointed auditors. Mr. Ella gives *classical* concerts at a remunerating price, and his audience, who pay the price,

are delighted—when lo! a prophet arises, and in the columns of the *Athenæum*, repudiates him as an impostor—as an enemy to his fellow-professor. Yet Mr. A—— debases the art, while Mr. Ella elevates it. Mr. A—— turns music into a menagerie, while Mr. Ella upholds its dignity and champions its worth. It is time that this sophistry be knocked upon the head, and we shall knock it upon the head in spite of the *Athenæum*.

Whatever tends to promote a love of music among the noble and wealthy classes must tend to promote the influence of art and the prosperity of artists. Experience of the proceedings at Mr. Ella's "Musical Union" has shown us how music of the most elevated order can be enjoyed even by Dukes and Earls. Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn, interpreted by artists of European fame, have been the staple commodity at the concerts of the "Musical Union." The dukes and earls have listened and been edified. The most esteemed members of the musical profession have been invited to one or more of the concerts, and can testify to their excellence. Music has been honored—amateurs have been educated—artists have been delighted—the performers have been paid—the director has been remunerated. Who then has a right to complain? Why is Mr. Ella to be abused in preference to any other speculator in classical concerts? Should he not rather be applauded for manfully adhering to the intellectual in art, when, peradventure, he might have fared better by yielding to the caprice of the fashionable appetite which covets trifles.

A volume of the "Record of the Musical Union" has been forwarded to us, and we have derived much pleasure from the perusal. Its contents, which emanate entirely from the pen of Mr. Ella, evince the knowledge of a musician and betray evidences of a generally well educated mind. We gladly publish the following extract from a private letter, addressed to ourselves by an artist who respects Mr. Ella, and is desirous that his respect should be shared by the whole profession:—

Quill-driving in a lawyer's office, a dreary prospect for a person of artistic temperament, soon drove Ella to woo the muses, and at the age of seventeen this embryo lawyer was a member of both the learned and polite professions, being amateur, lawyer, and artist within the space of three months. Ella joined the Opera band with Oury, the first season of Eber's management, and subsequently became a member

of the Philharmonic and Ancient Concert orchestras: from the two latter Ella has retired, but he still retains his long and well-earned post, as senior *repiano*, first viola at the Italian Opera. Ella is a pupil of Feney on the violin, of Attwood in harmony, and of Fétis in counterpoint: he has also been constantly employed in translating and adapting Italian, French, and German operas for the private performances of amateur societies. Ella's contributions to various publications are distinguished for sound judgment; the early numbers of the "*Musical World*" contain many articles from his pen—of which at one time he was musical editor, as well as the *Athenæum*, and other periodicals of high standing.

To this it is but fair to add—as a tribute to Mr. Ella's character and ability, which, combined, have won him his position in society and in his immediate profession—that when Mr. Ella waited upon his noble patron and friend, Lord Saltoun, to solicit his lordship's testimonial in his favor, on the occasion of a recent election to the office of Edinburgh Professor of Music, His Lordship wrote to him in these terms:—"I have known you as a professor and have received you as a guest for upwards of twenty years—your musical talent has been the source of constant gratification to me, and your gentlemanly conduct has won for you the respect of all my family as well as myself."

There were eight performances at the "Musical Union"—seven of which took place in Blagrove's Rooms, Mortimer Street, and the eighth in the concert room of the Princess's Theatre.* The dates of the performances were Tuesdays, March 11, April 1, 15, 29, May 13, 27, June 10, 24. The artists employed were Vieuxtemps, Sivori, Sainton, Deloffre, Goffrie, Hill, Tolbecque, Rousselot, Pillet, Hausmann, Ribas, Lazarus, Puzzi, Bauman, Casolani, Howell, Nadaud, Goodban, Hancock, Benedict, Edward Roeckl, Blaes, Kuhe, Osborne, Pischek, Leopold de Meyer, Sterndale Bennett, and Mrs. Anderson—a brilliant phalanx of talent, foreign and native—for it is as well to remark, that Mr. Ella is warmly disposed in favor of his brother and sister artists of Great Britain, and would not, we think, neglect an opportunity of forwarding their interests if it came in his way. The music performed at the meetings of the "Musical Union" has included the most elaborate *chef d'œuvres* of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Spohr, Hummel, Sterndale Bennett, and other great masters—with the elegant *bagatelles* of Mayseder, and such like, among the moderns. The execution of these *morceaux*, as might have been expected from the celebrated artists employed, has been perfection. The "Record" contains an interesting and instructive analysis of every composition that has been performed—besides characters and anecdotes of great artists, notices of the passing occurrences of the day, and miscellaneous articles, original and extracted, of various interest. The whole is perspicuously written, and betrays indications of a high and well directed enthusiasm for art. We shall not, however, anticipate the pleasure of many of our readers, who will doubtless take our recommen-

* Besides a concert for Mr. Ella's own benefit, which occurred in the Princess's Room, subsequently, and which we have already noticed.

dation and procure the work, by citing anything more from the "Record" than a single paragraph, which may give some idea of its character and tendency.

Art and Artists.

"Those who judge of Art by mere mechanical display, are incompetent to appreciate the intellectual works of the great masters. But of all critics the most intolerant are those who view every thing with a jaundiced eye, and endeavour to influence the opinions of the too confiding amateur. There is no escaping the contagion of this mischievous class, but by establishing *fuori del tempio*, a permanent quarantine. If not the composition, it is the performance; if not the director, it is the locality, which must have a fault, to gratify the morbid feeling of these self-elected expounders of good and bad! Of literary men, says Mr. Carlyle, 'their friendships' are often secretly hostile, and openly indifferent.' Of musicians, perhaps, the remark holds equally true. The large republic of art, however, would be intolerable, did not the frequent intercourse of professional men lead to the acknowledgment of the speciality of each person's talent; for to generalize would be folly on individuals of unequal natural powers, from countries varying in the temperament of its inhabitants, and of every grade of life; some illiterate, others well informed, though both may be highly endowed by nature. It is always cheering to see eminent artists, "in one holy bond of art-worship," laying aside professional jealousies, and stealing an hour from their laborious avocations, to enjoy the works of the inspired masters. The 'Musical Union' offers a neutral territory for such intellectual purposes, and hails the presence of genius come whence it may. The spontaneous applause of an intelligent auditor is always acceptable to the executive; and this union of sympathy is one of the results we hope to accomplish in this institution between amateur and professor. The brilliant commencement of the 'Musical Union' has been the result of much labour, and occasioned some anxiety. That our performances should challenge fastidious criticism, we admit; but we must anticipate less unanimity of opinion on some of the works by new composers that we may probably introduce. The liberal-minded musician, however, will dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, and point out to amateurs such features in the music as are most worthy admiration; bearing in mind that more errors of judgment have been hastily formed on new works in music, than on any of the arts! The incipient amateur is prone to estimate the composer too lightly, whilst charmed with the transient effects of the performer; the pedantic professor, on the contrary, is often insensible to the merits of an admirable performance, if the music come not within his 'cordon' of the classical art. Our task in catering for the 'Musical Union,' is comparatively easy: no difficulties in execution are now insurmountable, and the *repertoire* of classical music, comprising sonatas, duets, trios, quartets, quintets, sextets, septets, ottets, and nonets, contains not less than five hundred compositions! Our first object at a musical performance should be to seek for beauties, and on this subject an anecdote of the celebrated Cherubini may not be out of place. Feeling impatient with a pupil at his tedious description of the style of a performance of a symphony by Beethoven, and his total silence on the merits of the composition, the venerable *maestro* thus addressed him:—"Young man, let your sympathies be first wedded to the creative, and be you less fastidious of the executive; accept the interpretation, and think more of the creation of those musical works which are written for all time and all nations,—models for imitation, and above all criticism!"

We shall be accused, perhaps, by the musical critic of the *Athenæum* of inconsistency—as in the case of Thalberg and Leopold de Meyer. We shall, however, pocket the affront—for, as Lord Bacon might have said, "There be some whose

praise is to be avoided and whose contumely is of excellent augury." We recommend the learned critic of the *Athenæum* to take a lesson from us, and occasionally own himself in error. We are not of those who, in the person of Horace Walpole, were so severely castigated by the celebrated William Pitt, when scarcely twenty summers had passed over his head:—"He desired rather to be of that number whose follies cease with their youth, than of those who are ignorant in spite of experience." We also desire this—and hence we have passed over in silence many passages that have appeared of late in the *Athenæum*, which in our days of literary jousting, we should have felt inclined to handle severely. The unjust and ridiculous attacks upon Leopold de Meyer, the pianist, would have presented a fair field on which to smite down the *Athenæum* critic, horse and man—but our days of "miscellaneous" enthusiasm are over. Unlike our critic, we grow wise and grey together. On consistency, however, properly directed, we will not be rated. As a striking proof of our *invariable* consistency in praising what is worthy to be praised, on a certain occasion we spoke in eulogistic terms of a musical article which appeared in the *Athenæum*. "There is good in every thing," we ejaculated, as we perused the article—"even in these musical notices of the *Athenæum*"—and we quoted the article, with a flattering commentary at the foot of it. We confess to our astonishment at finding it good—but we swallowed our surprise, and rendered homage to its merits. Can stronger evidence of our consistency be required? Can an instance be named in the recent annals of the entire press, where a musical article from the *Athenæum* has been quoted—*praised* is out of the question? We addressed the question, during our trance of admiration of the one good and quotable article, to the walls of our *studio*—"Did ever a paper quote the musical critic of the *Athenæum* until now?"—

And echo sighed again, "not by no means!"

And so we threw ourselves into the breach, and demolishing the outworks of universal indifference which had hitherto fenced in the lucubrations of the *Athenæum* critic, we quoted the article. It is gratifying to relate, in compliment to the consistency of our readers—co-martyrs with ourselves—that we only lost six subscribers by the venture—rashly consistent as some might deem it—foolishly consistent as others might term it—"inconsistently consistent," as it was called by our printer's devil, who impudently remonstrated with us on the occasion, holding the copy containing the cited article, which we had just placed in his hands, as who should say "Shall I burn it?" Incontinently we kicked him out of the room, bade him hurry to the printer (doubtful of the firmness of our consistency—fearful that we might change our minds and call him back) and order it to be set up immediately, in long primer, with full heading in small caps. old English—among our original articles. Then, exhausted

with the effort, we fell back upon the sofa and slept—dreams of consistency and of echo—

And snatches of its Elysian chant, "not by no means,"

were mingled with our visions. Nevertheless we slept soundly for three hours—having twice perused the article in question, ere deciding upon its insertion in the pages of the "Musical World." Pray forgive us, dear reader—and we will not let our consistency militate against your pleasure for the future.

J. W. D.

Covent Garden and its Anticipations.

We learn by the currentest reports that Mr. Lavenu is in treaty for Covent Garden Theatre, and that he intends, should he become lessee, to establish a new English Operatic Company therein. Mr. Lavenu is a gentleman of much experience, and endowed, it would seem to us, with a prolific quantity of caution, and therefore, we would argue, the undertaking must have some likelihood; else should we say, to establish a native opera, where the native composers are at the present hour out of fashion, to select an orchestra where every available performer is anticipated, and to ground success upon new artists, where the established favorites are so few and far between, and these nothing extraordinary—we must speak justly—strikes us as a very bold measure in the field of speculation. Mr. Lavenu has all our hopes and shall have all our assistance, humble as these may be, but our doubts are conscientious, and we should be sorry to record his failure in a project so praiseworthy, but which we fear would awaken more sympathy than support. We are certain there are many operatic scores lying in the desks of our home composers which would reflect credit on our country in their production; but recognising them as compositions of merit, they could not receive due interpretation without an efficient band and efficient singers. Certainly, after the opera session, if Mr. Lavenu would carry things with a high hand, the corps of Her Majesty's Theatre, or at least a competent selection therefrom, might be engaged for Covent Garden, and thus get rid of one of the main obstructions to establishing an operatic company; but from whence are the vocalists to be procured? We are satisfied at this moment there are as fine voices in England, among our lady-artistes, as could be found in any country in Europe; but, it cannot be concealed, that those on the stage hold no very lofty place in the scale of dramatic singers, and that it would be a dangerous experiment for a new operatic company to lay all its dependencies on *debutantes*, however successful these might have been in concert rooms. It may be asked, why should not our Academy produce artists *par excellence* equally with the Conservatoire at Paris? The answer, omitting all comparison as to talent and mental direction, is simple enough. They have not the like opportunity. The professors of the Royal Academy of Music instruct their pupils in little more than the rigid principles of vocalization, and if they make them good concert singers and "teach them how to teach," they have gained their end. As far as this goes the instruction derived from the professors of the Royal Academy may be on a par with that derived from the Parisian Conservatoire; and our singers, of late, go far to prove it is so: but the Continental school goes beyond ours. They do not con-

fine their performances to concerts only:—they produce operas yearly, every part of which is sustained by a pupil. The best compositions are chosen, both with respect to music and dramatic effect. Instruction for the stage and instruction for the concert room go hand in hand together. If the dramatic faculty be existent it cannot lie dormant. Opportunity and practice are the steel and flint that strike it out. Had Duprez or Falcon been *eleves* of our academy *ab ovo*, it is most unlikely they would ever have reached a higher step in the ladder of reputation than Henry Phillips or Mrs. Albyn Croft. We have been told that the Directors of the Royal Academy of Music dislike the idea of the pupils inclining themselves to publication of their powers before mixed multitudes, deeming it "a sin and shame too," that these young ladies, who had never exhibited before audiences under seven shillings and sixpence for reserved seats, should suddenly flaunt it before the foot lights, to be gazed and commented upon from the sixpenny gallery, by greasy operatives and ignorant brawlers. The committee, we are told, look upon it as compound contamination. We ourselves think there is some show of reason in the notion, but unfortunately the endeavour to withhold the pupils from the stage, or at least to leave them incapacitate by not educating them with that view, has not taken away the inclination though it has restricted the power—and thus, to befit her for public perusal, the aspiring artist, feeling the hidden Malibran within her, is forced, after academical matriculation, to traverse the dreary plain of stage preparation she should have trodden in her tutelage. These remarks occur to us the more when we see of late so many youthful academicians, after leaving the apron strings of the professors, turn their attention to the sock and buskin, and wing their way to towns abroad for the very laudable purpose of returning Grisi and Brambilla. When we ask ourselves of what utility is this big desire of wafting themselves Continent-wards, we find it very difficult indeed for ourselves to answer ourselves:—nor, for the life of us, can we understand how learning German, or pronouncing Italian like a Tuscan, is to befit them for the English version of Norma or Balfe's next opera. It were pardonable, perhaps, if this speculative emigration were confined to youthful aspirants upon their egression from the academy; but unfortunately we find *artistes*, who for many years held sway in the concert-room, suddenly bit with the stage mania, hurrying off to Vienna and Milan to undergo the *counterpoint* of acting, and push from their stools their more juvenile competitors. Our advice to the latter would be, "stay at home—be contented with your concert fame—risk it not for a doubtful future—it is too late to become a scholar." Our advice to the former is, "stay at home—if you would tempt the stage, practice in the provinces—that's the true *stage* for the beginner—if you fail, the failure will neither be disseminated nor regarded—stay at home." We offer this advice with the most perfect conviction of its truth and justice, and with the most perfect reliance as to its result, which is—that no one will follow it.

D. R.

Her Majesty's Theatre.

We have nothing new to comment upon in this week's notice saving Taglioni's farewell, which we have already recorded in a previous number by anticipation. It was a

scene not easily to be described, and never to be forgotten. We all have heard of poor Malibran's being summoned before the curtain so often at La Scala, that at last the riot act had to be read to disperse the "awful summoners." Some of us, too, have, or ought to have heard of the Irish tragedian, who was called for much oftener than Malibran, because he *wouldn't come forward at all*, and, though neither the Italian *furor*, nor the Irish vociferation was exemplified in the scene exhibited at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday evening, yet we have to record a most extraordinary departure from the usual dignity observed at the Opera House, and a very unexpected ebullition in the stolidity of John Bull. The entire display of feeling was more like what might be gathered from the statistics of Hawkins Street, Dublin, or the San Carlos at Naples. We have witnessed nothing approaching to it since Edmund Kean's first appearance at Drury Lane after his return from America—which we did not see.

The *Barbiere* was played on Thursday for Taglioni's benefit: *Anna Bolena* on Saturday, and *Otello* on Tuesday. Grisi latterly is not so commendable in the comic as she is in the tragic muse. Her Rosina is by no means a perfect performance, either as regards singing or acting. The more we hear *Anna Bolena*, the more we are satisfied of its entire insignificance. Grisi's splendid acting, and Lablache's costume, alone redeem it from utter listlessness. *Otello* pleased us more than ever on Tuesday night. It was, indeed, a great intellectual treat. With one exception, poor Fornasari, who was incompetent and intolerable, the opera was splendidly done. Grisi was throughout magnificent, both in her singing and acting. We are sorry she should introduce that clap-trap song in the first act, and equally sorry for Signor Corelli's addition in the second act. Introducing Donizetti into *Otello*, is like interpolating a glass bead among a string of pearls. To Signor Mario we can hardly award praise in terms sufficiently forcible. He really struck us with astonishment. His acting, though something ill-regulated, or rather unfinished, seemed to come from the direct influence of the heart, while his singing was infinitely superior to any we ever heard from his lips. Take him all-in-all, we prefer him to Rubini in this part, whose *forte* lay rather in the pathetic than the grand. The last scene was indifferently managed, though a little more attention to probability would render it powerful and striking. Grisi was summoned before the curtain after the second act. Our best thanks are due to the management for the third representation of this magnificent opera.

Between the second and third act—we hate these interventions—a divertisement was given, in which Lucile Grahn and Perrot introduced the *Pas d'extase*. The indifferent ballet of "Rosida," in which Cerito seemed more exquisite than ever, concluded the entertainments. The house was full and fashionably attended, but not crowded. D. R.

Rossini and the Drummer.

(From Chorley's "Music and Manners.")

"A-propos of 'La Gazza Ladra,'" said some one else: "did you hear the story of Rossini and the drummer the other day? Every one comes to him, you know; and he was sitting yawning in his *robe de chambre*, when a fellow

was shown in, wretchedly shabby and poor, eager, of course, to have his fortune made, and certain Rossini would make it:—he is very generous to all those *miserables*!"

"Well," said he, "what am I to do for you? An artist? What sort of a voice have you got?"

"No voice, Monsieur Rossini; I am an instrumentalist:—but if you will only——"

"Ah! what instrument, then?"

"The drum, Monsieur! and if you will let me play to you——"

"O, *par exemple*!" exclaimed Rossini, bursting into a fit of laughter:—"no, thank you; and besides we have no drum here."

"But I have brought mine with me."

"*Diable!* but I cannot think of your taking so much trouble! You play beautifully, I am sure! I had better at once give you a note to Monsieur Tilmant, the conductor of the orchestra at the Italian Opera. Pray don't bring it in!"

"But the Professor was not to be got rid of. In came the drum, and Rossini screwed himself up for an infliction. 'I shall have the honour,' said the suitor, 'of playing for you the overture to 'La Gazza Ladra.'"

"Ah! ah! and Rossini laughed again. Well, the fellow began without more waiting; and, after the tremendous roll which opens the march in the overture, looked up, delighted with the noise he made.

"Monsieur," said he, "here are now sixty bars' rest—we will pass them over, and——"

"I beg you will do no such thing," replied Rossini gravely:—"Pray count them!"

Itinerant Violinists.

By J. G.

Will Mr. Lunn allow me to ask him, whether, in his recollections of the above personages, he can call to mind an individual, answering to the following description, who used to perambulate the streets many years ago? He was a tall old man, of rather more than the usual squalid and poverty-stricken appearance of his class. His method of playing was singular. Instead of holding the violin in the usual way, under his chin, he placed the instrument right against his chest, sawing the strings mechanically with his bow, moving slowly on (for he never stood still), and staring straight forward, with a look of vacancy, that gave him the appearance of an automaton, set in motion by some internal machinery, rather than a living being. Not the least remarkable thing about him was his coat, which, had it been made for a shirt, instead of an outer garment, might have been said to have fitted tolerably well; for it hung down in an inexorable perpendicular from his shoulders to the calves of his legs, and was fringed at bottom by about a quarter of a yard of skirt—his hat looked as if it had been new about the time of Noah. These people are assuredly no proper objects of anger or mirth, but there was something in this fellow which irresistibly excited both. He was clearly one of those from whom "all bountiful nature" (*Qy.*) had withheld every spark,

every atom, of the impulse under the pretended influence of which he was acting—It was neither his poverty, his dirt, nor the aforesaid singular method of holding his violin, that would have excited your spleen or merriment; except for the vacancy of his countenance; the total apathy to what he was about—the complete absence of the *mentis gratissimus error*, by which these gentlemen acquire such a pleasant notion of the dignity of their *art*, of which his sole idea was that it would bring him a half-penny at given intervals, and you would have wondered how it could have done even that; for independent of the singularities of his *style*, you might have been very safely defied to have made any probable guess as to what he was playing. It was impossible to look unmoved on such a mass of coat and lump and indifference.

As a contrast to this performer, let me name another. He was the first of his class that I can remember. I was only just old enough to be allowed to go about the streets alone, when I became acquainted with him, and it is, perhaps, for this reason that I have so clear a remembrance of him. Like the above performer, his habits are singular. I never saw him but in one place, and that was at the corner of Clifford Street and Bond Street. He was stone blind, and never made his appearance until after dark. He used to prepare for his evening's work by sitting down against the post at the south side of the street, with his legs crossed like a tailor. Between his knees he placed his hat, in which he stuck a piece of lighted candle. This, in spite of his blindness, he used to snuff with his fingers with great adroitness. He always commenced his performance with a prelude, invariably the same. His style was energetic, almost to ferocity, full of violent contrasts, long shakes, and fierce appoggiaturas, accompanied at intervals by full sweeps, or rather rakes of the bow across the four strings. Although he called himself a sailor, he had but little of the appearance of one, except in his habit of swearing, which he would do at a word of provocation, with true seaman-like volubility. This, I remember, when contrasted with the genuine humility and meekness of his bearing, used to put me a little out of my reckoning about him. I suspect that he seldom left his post without a good supply of halfpence. In short, there is good reason to believe that these people are by no means so badly off as their appearance would lead one to think. It is certain that there is an extensive market for their exertions, and there may surely be, as there are in all other professions, successful as well as unsuccessful traders among them. We have heard of beggars and crossing-sweepers not only maintaining themselves in comfort, but leaving property to their heirs.

There was to be seen a few months ago in the Hampstead Road, opposite Mornington Crescent, a man who undertook to perform a *duet* on the violin and violoncello; and the way in which he did it was this. He sat on a chair, and played the violin in the usual way. The violoncello was swung in a horizontal position in front of him, the bow being fixed above the instrument, round which was fastened a leather strap connected with a piece of board underneath, which being worked up and down like the foot-board of a knife-grinder's wheel, gave a gentle rocking motion to the violoncello, which was thus made to grind against the bow. As the man's hands were otherwise employed, of course only the open strings of the violoncello could be used. The reader, therefore, may judge of the nature of the "harmony." As Mr. Lunn's sketches rather belong to classes than to individuals, I have sent you the above in order to complete your gallery of portraits of this singular race of "artists," that is if you should think that your former correspondent has not already exhausted the subject.

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XXXI.

HINTS TO MUSICAL PATRIOTS.

If patriotism be really the virtue which many persons represent it to be, why should it not be taught to the young, and enforced, like many other virtues, at our public seminaries? Is it not absurd to imagine that all persons should *instinctively* consider their native land the most beautiful in the world, and their own countrymen the most intellectual of the whole human race? Is it not ridiculous to suppose that they will only listen to their own singers, only admire their own painters, and only read their own writers, unless they have been properly trained to this mode of thought by those who have the care of their education? Men will run riot upon these points, and if they be not properly kept in check, are very apt, in the independence of their spirit, to choose what pleases them most, and to resist all attempts to regulate their taste by geographical calculations. Considering that the *world* is the birthplace of genius, they insist upon possessing the best specimens, without regard to the particular spot of earth which may have produced them.

I have been led to make these remarks by reading lately an article, in which the English public are directly accused of "patronising foreigners" in music, instead of allowing their own countrymen to have the exclusive right of entertaining them on all occasions. It is contended that the music-loving public will go to the Italian opera-house to listen to such singers as Grisi, Lablache, Mario, &c., when they could go to hear the same opera, nicely translated into English, and sung entirely by their own countrymen. It is even argued that many persons, born within the sound of Bow bell, have been actually heard to cry "bravo" in a public concert room, when an instrumental solo has been performed by a man known by the entire audience to be a foreigner. Nay, to descend lower in the scale, the patriotic writer of the article in question goes so far as to say that a poor Englishman, playing in the streets on a flute made by English makers, will be passed by, whilst twopence, wrapped up in paper, will be thrown to a boy with an organ, who excites compassion by the monotonous appeal of "Ah, monsieur!"

Whether the latter part of this argument may really be true, I know not. I have, however, been thinking much on the subject; and, although I have as yet hit on no satisfactory remedy for this great evil, I trust that the few suggestions I have to offer may prove advantageous to those patriotic individuals who are of opinion that every man should be kept in his own country, for the purpose of displaying his talents to his own countrymen.

I have said that this might generally be effected by invariably instilling the idea into the minds of children at school by means of round hand copies; but, on a mature consideration of the matter, the difficulty of telling in after life whether the person before you be really a foreigner or not, would be very great, indeed, and it might often be discovered, after you had indulged in the most vociferous applause at a vocal or instrumental solo, that, in the height of your enthusiasm, you had lavished your praises upon some Signor, Herr, or Monsieur, who had come over for the express purpose of taking the bread out of our mouths. It is true that in many cases you might detect them by the profusion of hair which most of them are accustomed to wear upon the face, but this rule is by no means infallible, and, should you observe it rigidly, many of your own countrymen might suffer materially from it. Another mode would be to demand their baptismal register, but this would subject the searcher to great inconvenience, and it is a question whether the mere gratification of the patriotic feeling would repay them for their trouble.

Under these circumstances I have thought it better to devise some method by which the matter should, on all occasions, be placed beyond a doubt. This I have discovered can only be done by an appeal to the tongue. The face may deceive you; the whiskers—nay even the moustaches—may belong to your own countrymen; but the tongue must tell a tale, which can delude no one, and this, therefore, must be the test.

In that horrible event of history, "The Sicilian vespers," the "*shibboleth*" of the destroyers was the Italian word "*CICERI*." When in doubt as to a person's being a Frenchman, they commanded him instantly to pronounce this word. If he did so correctly, he was immediately set at liberty, if not, he was stabbed to the heart. This ingenious test will serve excellently as a model for our own. Let some short English sentence be invented, which shall contain most of the difficulties of our pronunciation in a combined form. As soon as a musical candidate for our favours enters the orchestra, let him advance to the front, and deliver this sentence in a clear and distinct manner. If it be satisfactory to the

audience, he is an Englishman, and entitled to their applause; if the reverse, he is a foreigner, and, whatever may be the amount of his talents, that man is no true patriot who gives him the slightest encouragement. When this mode of forcing them to confess to the land of their birth becomes generally known, few foreign artists will ever pay us a visit; and, as English musicians will, of course, be received in the same manner on the continent, each country, in a short time, will be forced to rely exclusively upon its native genius. The music published in one city, too, might be prevented from entering another; and thus the patriotic feeling would be fostered to the utmost, and the talent of one country would never be brought into competition with the talent of another.

In the course of a few years we might also be enabled to confine our street organs and hurdy-gurdys to native boys. If, for instance, one of these perambulating instrumentalists should hold out his hat to you as you pass, take care in the first instance to inquire his name, and regulate your conduct accordingly. If it be Bill Jones, or Jack Smith, or any other truly English name, you can give him a penny, and sleep easily upon your pillow at night; but, if there be the slightest indication of the outlandish foreigner about him—you should calmly, but resolutely, button up your pockets, and whistle "God save the Queen."

If you only implicitly follow these directions for a short time, depend upon it we shall most effectually disgust musicians of all countries, and no person will then have reason to complain of the amount of continental talent in our concert-rooms.

Oh, call me not unkind, Mary.

Ballad for Music.

BY GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.

Oh! call me not unkind, Mary!
Because I say "farewell!"
Nor add to grief like mine, Mary!
Grief that no tongue can tell.
Say not with thee I part, Mary!
Without or tear or sigh;
Indeed, my heart's too full, Mary!
To speak—my tearfount's dry.

I hold thee in my arms, Mary!
I press thee to this heart
A moment; and I'm gone, Mary!
Beloved! we must part!
Farewell! a long farewell! Mary!
The sad word must be spoke;
Though it be wrung from one, Mary!
Whose heart is well nigh broke.

Barthanasian Stanzas,

(For Music.)

BY J. H. JEWELL.

Come hither boy, and fill me up
To Jessica one parting cup;
Be careful—fill it to the brim,
Aye, fill it—for it is my whim.
Fill it, yes, with wine inspiring
Give me all I'm now desiring,
Wit, wine, and beauty, joyous mirth,
These are at least the gifts of earth.

See, on the surface floating fair
The lily swims—so doth my care,
And thus I drown it; for 'tis mine
To drown old Care in rosy wine.
And when old Time, with scythe and glass,
Here by my revel hall shall pass,
I'll seize him by his lantern'd jole
And drown him in the nectar'd bowl.

Original Correspondence.

MUSICA, *versus* MOLINEUX.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

London, July 28th, 1845.

"According to the fair play of the world, let me have audience."

SHAKESPEARE.

Dear Sir,—

I remember reading somewhere of an individual who boasted of having been familiarly spoken to by a very distinguished personage; being asked what he said to him, he replied he desired me to get out of his way. This person evidently considered notice of any kind preferable to no notice at all. Mr. Molineux appears to be of the same opinion; he congratulates himself upon my having "answered his purpose" in attacking his twelve-equi-distant-key-note-concordant-sound-system, thereby enabling him to "discourse most eloquent—not music"—about himself and his notions, and ensuring some degree of notice, if not of a very enviable sort for them. Mr. Molineux is welcome to the distinction he so well merits. I by no means envy him the notoriety, which by "answering his purpose" I have assisted him to attain. His letter in the current number of the "Musical World," contains plenty of abuse, and but one attempt (a very lame one) to support his assumed position, that F sharp and G flat, G sharp and A flat, &c., &c., are synonymous. He says, "In the finale of the second act of 'Sonnambula,' the notation for voices and wind instruments is in B flat; while that for the stringed instruments is in A. The opening movement of 'Jessonda' is in E flat minor for the stringed instruments, while the combination of brass instruments consists of two horns in E flat, two horns in B, and two trumpets in F sharp." Are we, therefore, to consider E flat, B and F sharp synonymous? Mr. Molineux seems to have forgotten, or is ignorant, that different keys are used for some instruments as a matter of convenience to the players. In looking over the score of "Iphigenie," Mr. Molineux will find the voices and stringed instruments of some parts in D two sharps, while the horns and trumpets are in C, which must not be taken for presumptive proof that D and C are synonymous. Those who are in the habit of reading or writing (not running up) scores, will see through Mr. Molineux's very transparent defence. Mr. M. is right in abjuring the use of the "epithet" enharmonic; its meaning—extremely harmonious—is, by no means, applicable to his twelve equi-distant-key-note-concordant- (? discordant) sound-system.

Mr. Molineux, amongst other very unnecessary abuse of me, says:—"I have been told Musica is some professor of little repute—a shadow—a mushroom." What matters it who "Musica" is? The opinions I have expressed, would, I presume, remain the same if given under the signature of Mendelssohn or Jullien. Mr. Molineux might, perhaps, like to see some well-known name appended to my strictures on his twelve-equi-distant-key-note-concordant-sound (? unsound)-system; it would reflect a degree of importance on them, which at present they do not possess. But would it any way alter their merits? I think not. I abstain from intruding my name on the musical public, because I have no wish or intention of speaking of myself. I have no selfish end to gain—no book or system to puff. Was I desirous of forcing an undeserved attention—of raising an obscure provincial name from merited insignificance—of calling a tardy and reluctant observation on myself and my works—of enjoying the advantages, without incurring the expenses of advertisement—I should do as Mr. Molineux has done—append my real name to my communications.

Mr. Molineux reminds me of a gentleman almost as sagacious as himself, who, in the last volume of the "Musical World," said, "Musica, for aught we may know to the contrary, may be a very clever musician, or a very shallow ignoramus." It is evident these gentlemen very sapiently look upon facts and truths as important upon name as every thing. No wonder, then, that they are anxious to obtain one at any price. They estimate opinions only in proportion as they advantage their plans. All who bedaub them with fulsome praise are "clever musicians," all who can see through and expose their absurdities, are "shallow ignoramuses."

I cannot think that the spirit which dictated my letters, (however faulty their execution) proves me "a disgrace to your pages, my country, or the age I live in." It has been my sole purpose to condemn opinions which were unfounded in truth or justice, and which had in view not the benefit of art, but personal aggrandisement. One gentleman asserts that "the present condition of the musical profession is too painful to reflect on."—"That the musical acquirements of the most celebrated composers of this country are inefficient, that the alla capella fugue is the greatest triumph of art, that his 'Contrapuntal Society' is the only school for true musicians." Another says, we have no enharmonic scale, that enharmonic modulation is a delusion, that our nomenclature is "music slang," that our most esteemed theoretical writers are dreamers, that his "is the

only true explanation of musical harmony," &c. Another finds fault with our musical notation, which, although perfectly efficient, and established as a musical language wherever music is known, he would supplant by a new system of his own. Self interest appears to be the prime mover in all these opinions—in fact, the faults of which these gentlemen complain are faulty only in interfering with their personal views of honour or profit.

I hasten to conclude this letter, which is the last I shall trouble your readers with in reply to Mr. Molineux, unless that gentleman will confine himself to subjects which may have some general interest, instead of constantly and unceremoniously lugging in his twelve-equi-distant-key-note-concordant-sound-system; the discussion of which cannot, possibly, advantage any one but himself. With thanks for your courtesy in inserting my letters,

I am, dear Sir, very respectfully yours,
MUSICA.

PS.—I observe in Mr. Flowers' last letter that that gentleman has adopted a more playful style of writing. If he will allow me to take so great a liberty, I would advise him to continue in that style. It suits him. Nothing can possibly be more facetious than his last letter.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

July 16, 1845.

It is rumoured that the new debutante Miss Georgiana Smithson, who appeared at the Princess's Theatre with so much *clat*, and mentioned so deservedly by you, though styled the pupil of Madame Feron, has only been with her three weeks. Being a student myself, I am certain no professor could bring a voice to such high cultivation in that time, therefore it is evident Miss G. S. has been tutored by an able master, and properly trained in the modern art of singing, ere she became the pupil of Madame Feron. And, as I am anxious that her real instructor should be known, I trust you will condescend to give publicity to this, for the benefit of young vocalists and the public.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
E. A. C.

ON MELODY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

"He who has perfected harmony has perfected the whole; the melodist, on the contrary, only a part of the whole."—Forkel's *Life of Bach*.

My dear Sir,

We often find a ballad possessing pleasing melody, written by ladies who have never done a musical exercise in their whole lives. Village clerks and schoolmasters too frequently get hold of pretty melodies; but if they were but to harmonize or write a worthy accompaniment to them, they would no more be able to accomplish it than I should to write a worthy poem. Now let us pause to inquire into the state of the minds of mere melody makers. To whom can we compare them? We cannot call them persons of genius, for that would be ridiculous; no, they are unfinished, one-sided, and petty musical observers, whose perceptions of harmony are often so obtuse as to render them unable to add an appropriate part or voice to melodies, or even to put an acceptable accompaniment to them. It is said that "Melody is the soul of music," but this is a vague mode of defining the "soul of music;" for melody alone scarcely satisfies a musician's idea of musical perfection, who would rather consider it the *body of music*. The most perfect melody given by the most perfect singer would not equal a good composition written in two or more voices; so that it is necessary to be a good harmonist to come up to a musician's standard of musical perfection. If each voice of a composition of four voices, for example, produces pure melody, then the combinations of such melodies may hold good the saying, viz., "Melody is the soul of music."

Now we come to consider the means to acquire a mastery over melody. Perhaps I should advise a course of study similar to that which Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., underwent, viz., to "dove-tail a bit" (in the language of young musical England) to write *figues* (now called musical fossils) and *canons*, &c., in order to give the student a facility in producing original melodies on a simple motive, and to render the melody of each part or voice independent of each other, so that a complete mastery over all mechanical difficulties (of which there are many) is acquired; then, and not till then, can any genius show forth his powers of melody, and without which his natural inspirations will be cramped and insipid. A man possessing a musical genius must, of course, have a flow of melody, and in which case melody should not be the primary object to which he should direct his attention; inasmuch as

it will not benefit him unless he be a thorough harmonist. The primary object, then, of a student is to learn *harmony*, for there is not an example on record of a great musician's being a distinguished harmonist without having diligently applied himself to the study of harmony, whilst, on the other hand, there are some pleasing melodists who have neither applied themselves to harmony nor melody; which makes it somewhat evident that a mere genius, or rather I should say, a *turn* for melody, constitutes but a small portion of the faculties of a musical mind. The fact is, music is a science, and as such must be studied, or no artist can ever arrive at excellence in composition, however able he may be to conquer manual dexterities.

I will briefly endeavour to show the difference between a harmonist and a contrapuntist. A harmonist may be well versed in the means of attaining a good succession of chords, whether by progression or modulation, but be incapable of writing good and independent melodies in each voice or part of the harmony, or of inventing such ingenious combinations as are to be found in the works of thoroughly educated musicians.

I am, yours truly,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

N.B. "*Musica*" asks whether I have never seen "a good fugue written by a British musician." I have observed (out of the Royal Academy of Music) more talent by two or three who can write good fugues, than the two or three British musicians who ought to have shown their power in the fugal school before attempting to compose symphonies. "*Musica*" says "very few of the musical profession entertain the same opinions on the subject of the fugue as Mr. Flowers." I am sorry for it, if it really be so; but I have a higher opinion of British musicians than to believe that they are detractors of the fugue, and therefore so far I have their good opinion. I quite agree with Mr. Molineux respecting "*Musica*'s" musical acquirements, and his answer to my questions support that gentleman's opinions. ALL DETRACTORS OF THE FUGUE stand in a similar position to "*Musica*," for they most evidently talk on a subject they do not understand, and at the same time most clearly undervalue the noblest and most classical works of the best masters. "*Musica*" is misinformed (which is not unusual) if he supposes I give theoretical instructions "gratuitously." It is not to be expected that a man who does not by his (under the rose) writings maintain a character for musical acquirements should venture to expose his real name to the public.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,

Liverpool, August 1st, 1845.

In a letter from Mr. Edward Clare, in your number for March 13th, there is an enumeration of the "Steps" in the Diatonic,—Chromatic and Enharmonic Scales; and there is a promise that "we will give our reasons for the faith that is (with)in us" upon these subjects, speedily. The enumeration of the "steps", in what Mr. Clare calls the "Enharmonic Scale," was very "dark and mysterious" to me; but I have waited patiently for "a bright and apparent explanation" under the influence of Mr. Clare's mighty march of mind; and I am disappointed.

Mr. Clare's letter, in your number for July 31st, commences with an apology for not having redeemed his pledge to you earlier. When I had read thus far, I laid your paper down,—took an extra pinch,—and, taking the paper up again, I ejaculated "now for the elucidation of this 'subtle and mysterious subject!'" Reading onwards a little I met with something about a "Monochord,"—"I am of opinion,"—"I believe," and "I fully believe;" but I found nothing in support of the "nineteen steps" of his own peculiar "Enharmonic Scale." Mr. Clare's letter is evidently controversial. Why then introduce matter foreign to his subject, in the shape of a monochord, by which he intends to prove nothing? For numberless reasons, as to the matter in question, I have just as little faith in the efficacy of a monochord as I have in the validity of Mr. Clare's utmost credulities. Mr. Clare, who has had but little acquaintance with the capabilities of the instrument, supposes a mathematician with a monochord. He then needlessly places him under the necessity to have another monochord. Afterwards, he supposes him to be at so many stand-stills and dilemmas that he needlessly obliges him to have several monochords; "if he can get them?" In short, determined that the mathematician shall fail, he reduces him to the necessity of some guess-work; and he contrives, too, that he shall produce such a slovenly result out of an untoward machine as, by a slovenly process under a slovenly manipulation, can only be equalled by a slovenly little book of psalmody and hymnody by some slovenly Mr. Clare.

I am willing to suppose that your talented correspondent has forgotten that SOLOS have been performed by eminent musicians upon (a monochord, or) ONE STRING of a violin; or he would have been more considerate than needlessly to expose his inexperienced mathematician to the inconvenience of being refused the loan of a FEW monochords. Mr.

Clare might better have saved his own credit, and avoided the inconvenience of managing a few lumbering monochords, for his mathematician, if he had supposed him to shorten his FIRST string by one-tenth or one-ninth for D, accordingly as it is designed to be in the chord from F or G,—by eleven-seventy-fifths for E flat,—by one-fifth for E,—by five-twenty oneths or by one-fourth for F, accordingly as it is designed for the chord of G or of F,—by one-third for G,—by nine-twenty-fifths for A flat,—by two-fifths or by eleven-twenty-sevenths for A, accordingly as it is designed to be in the chord from F or from G,—by seven-fifteenths for B, and by one-half for C.

All that Mr. Clare sets forth in respect of his monochords is suppositious; and, consequently, his deductions, in respect of the intonations, are suppositious also. "Can any one," therefore, in sound mind, "have faith in his division of the monochord, as a settlement of" his own view of "the" Enharmonic-scale-dream "question?" I suppose Mr. Clare has never heard the intonations of a French horn or of a trumpet.

At my leisure, I shall pursue Mr. Clare into the curiosities of his third and following paragraphs. Not because it remains to annihilate the Enharmonic-scale-absurdity; but on account of the opportunity I shall have still further to free our simple and beautiful music from the imaginary Enharmonic and many other mystifications.

Your's truly,

J. MOLINEUX.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear Sir,

In my letter of your July 31st, the Composer has mistaken "bald" for "bold." I should not care much about the mistake, were it not somewhat subversive of our ulterior intention in regard of the experiments I there propose.

Your's truly,

J. M. X.

Provincial Intelligence.

MANCHESTER.—(From a Correspondent.) Our city is becoming a very temple of the muses. Music is all the rage with us here. Jullien has set town a-fire, and it will soon blaze forth with reduplicated vigour. Most of the brightest stars in the musical heavens are about to shine upon us. Madame Castellan, Misses Dolby and M. B. Hawes; Camillo Sivori, Staudigl, Fornasari, and many more celebrists are announced for the latter end of September: Madame Vestris, Miss Romer, and Messrs. Harrison and Borroni are starring it at the Queen's Theatre, and Jullien has announced eight more concerts, to commence on Friday, the 22nd inst., in each of which Sivori will perform. Wilson, the interpreter of Scottish minstrelsy, is also coming here, while the directors of the concerts at THE FREE TRADE HALL have advertised as a principal feature in their entertainments "The Illustration of the NATIONAL BALLADS of Europe," on a similar plan to that pursued at the Musical Festivals of 1843, and 1844. It is expected our musical season will surpass all that have preceded it. Jullien's last concert was given at the Free Trade Hall on Saturday, and was attended by an immense audience. The *chef d'orchestre* is in great favour with the Manchester folk.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews closed a successful engagement yesterday evening, the house being crowded in every part. This evening Balfe's opera of the *Bohemian Girl* is to be produced. Miss Romer, Mr. Borroni, Mr. W. Harrison, and other singers of eminence sustaining the leading parts.—*Manchester Times*.

Miscellaneous.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—While the managers of nearly all the theatres on the Continent, and many in England, have been verging towards bankruptcy, Mr. Lumley, the *entrepreneur* of Her Majesty's Theatre, has steered with such dexterity, that he has now become proprietor of that splendid establishment. It is also said that he is the principal proprietor of the *Morning Post* newspaper, long the fashionable chronicle of the West end.—(*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*).

JULLIEN AT BIRMINGHAM.—The Birmingham papers are in ecstasies with the three grand concerts given by Jullien in the Town Hall, which were crowned with the most brilliant success. The preliminary arrangements, under the management of Mr. Stimpson, are highly commended. The *Birmingham Journal*, in an elaborately eulogistic and flowery article, containing lengthened notices of Jullien, Richardson, and Prospero, thus speaks of Camillo Sivori, the violinist, whose performances have created great excitement at these concerts:—

"The unexpected engagement of the renowned pupil of Paganini, Camillo Sivori, no doubt lent *eclat* to these concerts. It is now several years since we heard this master of the art: even then his superiority was recognised. He has since been tested by the best English and Continental critics—he comes from the ordeal unscathed. Listen for a moment, while we describe the outer man. He is as nearly as may be five feet in height. Nay, don't look credulous. We acknowledge that on the platform he looks a Titan, but he has so witched our ears that sight, feeling, motion, every thing is concentrated into the sense of hearing; you drink in every sound, aye, at every pore, and forget the *personale* of the performer. Well, he is about five feet high, slenderly formed, a very expressive dark eye, well-formed and high, rather than broad, forehead, the perceptive organs well developed; the face, which, notwithstanding he is a native of Italy, is decidedly English, fringed with what Maginn would have called a "gentlemanly whisker." He dresses with good taste, and turns his collar in that manner prescribed by Christopher North, and practised by Byron. We cannot pay him a higher compliment than to say that in his hands the violin fully realises the description of that instrument given by Baillet, the great artiste of the French school. 'Its four strings suffice for the compass of more than as many octaves, and afford all the requisite resources for the flow and variety of modulation. By the aid of the bow, which gives vibration to the strings, and can draw sound from several at once, it adds to the charms of melody that of harmony also. Its tone, uniting sweetness with power, places it at the head of all instruments. Whilst possessed of the ability to sustain, vary, and alter its tone, to speak in the accent of passion, and display the various emotions of the soul, it aspires to the honour of rivaling the human voice.'"

To our own Richardson, the *Birmingham Journal* thus renders justice:—

"With Richardson's solos on the celebrated "Nicholson Flute" we were no less pleased. He is an accomplished performer; and, like all great men, has a manly modesty in his manner that sits well upon him. We have rarely seen a more intellectual head, and finely formed, though *petite*, features. His tone is pure; his fingering faultless; his taste, as displayed in his embellishments, cultivated and strong enough to control his desire to elaborate his variations even to exuberance.

Jullien himself the same journal apostrophizes after this fashion:—

Jullien, for tact in adaptation, and in leading the public taste while he seems only to cater for it—in drilling an orchestra, however unwieldy—infusing their differences of style into harmonious entirety, and in the grace of his presence and the elegance of gesticulation—may well bear comparison with all predecessors.

There is much truth and considerable critical discernment in the midst of all this *bathos* of words and phrases. Jullien has announced a *concert monstre* here. At the Theatre Miss Rainforth, Miss Poole, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. Stretton are successfully performing in the "Bohemian Girl."

MR. HANDEL GEAR has left London for Germany. He will be present at the Bonn Festival, and subsequently depart for Italy, where he will pass the winter.

WURZBURGH.—The musical society of this city, known by the name of the Harmonic, will give three *monstre* concerts on the 4th, 5th, and 6th of August, at which 1,300 vocalists and 700 instrumentalists will assist. The King of Bavaria, has consented to honour the performances with his presence, and it is supposed that Her Majesty of England with Prince Albert will be present.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Leopold de Meyer, the celebrated German pianist, made his first appearance on the English stage at the Haymarket Theatre, for the benefit of Miss Julia Bennett, when his performance excited so much admiration, that he was engaged by the manager for a few nights, and on last Monday evening he performed, after the comedy, an "Introduction and Airs Russe," composed and arranged by himself, on the pianoforte, in a style so brilliant and novel, as to elicit the most rapturous applause from a crowded audience. A general call being made for an *encore*, M. Meyer played a fantasia upon another theme, which was, if possible, more successful than the preceding. No performer that we have ever heard, not even Liszt or Thalberg, surpasses M. Meyer, in brilliancy and rapidity of execution. The piano, beneath his hands, is a totally different instrument from that which we are accustomed to hear in the drawing-room or the boudoir; with him it is a full orchestra, pouring a flood of rich modulated harmony, from the most delicate silvery tones, to the grand rolling diapason of the organ; it is, indeed, most wonderful to hear the volume of sound that M. Meyer can produce from the piano. It is the *ne plus ultra* of combined dexterity and genius in the practical art of music.—(*Sunday Times*.)

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—The success of this celebrated pianist, at the Haymarket Theatre, has been so triumphant that Mr. Webster has re-engaged him for another week. The untiring assiduity of the lessee of this elegant establishment to afford amusement to the public, is worthy the highest praise. Crowds have flocked nightly to listen to the wonderful performances of M. de Meyer, who has on every occasion been honored by an *encore* no less enthusiastic than unanimous.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—We have great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to an important addition to the advertisement of the Festival, namely, the name of Madame Dulcken, pianist to Her Majesty, whose valuable services have been secured by the exertions of the conductor of the Festival, Mr. Done.—(*Worcester Guardian*.)

WEBER'S MONUMENT.—The King of Saxony has selected an appropriate site for the monument to the memory of Weber, in front of the Theatre Royal, at Dresden.

PHILADELPHIA.—A grand musical festival will be given in the beginning of this month at Aschaffenburg, at which the King, and, it is hoped, the Queen of England will be present; 1,200 singers and 600 musicians will take part in the proceedings. A letter from the famous Taglioni has been received by a distinguished gentleman in this city, in which she states that she will positively visit the United States during the coming fall.

MUSIC IN AMERICA.—Mr. J. D. Maeder, a native of the sister kingdom, who has been residing for some years in the United States, where he has acquired considerable popularity as a musical composer and vocalist, has recently composed an opera called "*The Peri*," which has been produced with great success at Boston, and is about to be brought out at New York. Mr. Maeder is married to the celebrated Clara Fisher, whose talent as an actress and vocalist is highly appreciated by the Americans.

STAUDIGL is engaged on the 1st of September to join the Mad. Castellan, Miss Dolby, Brizzi, and Fornasari party at Manchester, for a grand concert, at which each artist will sing some of the national songs of their own country.

MR. JULIAN ADAMS, the pianist, has been performing with the utmost success at some concerts in Shrewsbury, given by Mr. Goodall. The local papers speak of his talent in flattering terms. Mr. Adams is engaged for several concerts, next month, at Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Halifax, and other provincial towns. He is now at Harrowgate, where he is engaged by the proprietor of the Cheltenham Rooms, to perform at the series of four morning concerts with the Gris party.

INSTANCE OF REMARKABLE MEMORY.—Vollwieler told me, that upon meeting with Liszt at Frankfort, where Aloys Schmidt was present, Liszt said, "I may say that I am your first pupil;" whereon Liszt sat down at the piano and played from memory twelve books of studies by Aloys Schmidt, which he practised in early years under this master.—(*From a letter to the Morning Post.*)

UNDER THE NAME of "The Musical Union," a society has been formed, of which the Duke of Cambridge is the president, and which counts amongst its members most of the first nobility. The purpose of this union is the execution of (sterling) chamber-music, trios, and quartets, with and without the pianoforte. The musical director (by whom this society has been created) is the English "maestro," Ella, in whose house the concerts take place.—(*From F. Breudel's Leipziger neue Zeitschrift für Music.*)

MISS CLARA SETTON has given her dramatic and vocal entertainments at several places in the West of England with great success; she is on the point of paying Calais, Dunkirk, St. Omers, and other towns in France, a visit, having been engaged to deliver her interesting lectures at various places in that country.

BIRMINGHAM.—The announcement that Taglioni will make her farewell appearance here on the 5th of August, is enough to set every admirer of grace and elegance on the tip-toe of expectation. In her are personified the perfection of idealised grace, of which poets dreamed, and she has realised. Though now even beyond "a certain age," she still reigns the queen of *dansantes*—a being of aerial birth, only deigning to touch the gross earth *par complaisance*. In addition to other novelties, Henry Phillips, the vocalist and composer, will make his first bow, since his return from America, to a Birmingham audience. It was here he took his temporary farewell, and here he will be first greeted with a welcome to the country of which he is a worthy native.—(*Birmingham Journal.*)

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We have heard with unqualified pleasure that the directors of this society have chosen Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett to conduct the entire series of concerts for next season. We are not over vain in supposing that we have had some hand in this judicious appointment. We have repeatedly asserted the claims of this gentleman to the post of directorship of the Philharmonic, derived as well from his unflinching zeal in his art, and his self-possession in the orchestra—no small matter of recommendation when duly weighed—as from his eminent musical abilities. When the report is authenticated by the usual announcement from the directory, we shall speak of this appointment at greater length. Meantime we hope the rumour is founded on fact.

JENNY LIND, the celebrated Swedish vocalist, has become the wife of a German nobleman.

HANDEL could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and this was always done before he arrived at the theatre. A wag stole into the orchestra, one night when the Prince of Wales (afterwards Geo. III.) was to be present, and untuned all the instruments. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal to begin, but such was the discord, that the enraged musician started up, and having overturned a double bass, seized a kettle drum, which he threw with such violence at the leader of the band, that he lost his wig in the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bare headed to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so choked with passion that utterance was denied him. In this attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, until the Prince went in person, and with much difficulty appeased his wrath. Handel's early oratorios were but thinly attended; he would, however, often joke upon the emptiness of the house, which, he said, "would make de moosic sound all de petter."

MASTER RIPPON'S CONCERT.—We went to the Hanover Square Rooms last night, having made up our minds to receive the usual disappointment consequent on puffed precocity. We were delightfully mistaken. This child, hardly eight years old, played two overtures of Rossini, a fantasia of Thalberg, and other pieces, in a very remarkable manner, considering his years and that he has been receiving instructions for no longer than the space of twenty-two months. His fingering is distinct and forcible, and his self-possession extraordinary. He stretches octaves with ease, and has a fine command of his left hand. He quite astonished us by his playing, while it amused us to observe him walking up and down, for he played standing, as the keys varied. We are sorry he was not brought out at a more favorable part of the year. The child must have literally made a fortune during the musical season. There was something faulty here. Miss Messent and Miss Ellen Lyon most kindly lent their valuable assistance to the Lilliputian Pianist, and gave variety to the entertainment by introducing several popular arias and duos. Miss Messent sang a MS. ballad of G. Linley's, a composition of some merit, with the most exquisite taste and feeling. It was the very best specimen of ballad singing we have heard for a long while. We were sorry to see the rooms but indifferently filled. This child is deserving of every encouragement, not merely on the score of his promise, but his identical performance.

BALFE'S BOHEMIAN GIRL has been translated into German, and will be produced at the Theatre, at Vienna.

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